



# THE RATTLE



SHANGHAI:  
KELLY AND WALSH, LIMITED, PRINTERS AND PUBLISHERS,  
11 THE BUND and 12 NANKING ROAD.



# LANE, CRAWFORD & CO., LIMITED.

TAILORS, OUTFITTERS,

AND

GENERAL STOREKEEPERS.

SCOTCH CHEVIOT & HOMESPUN SUITINGS,  
COVERT COATINGS,  
DRESS SUITINGS,  
RIDING BREECHES MATERIALS.

WINTER HOSIERY & GLOVES,  
LINCOLN & BENNETT'S HATS.

LANE, CRAWFORD & CO.

## CHAMPAGNES. MÜNCHEN BEER.

### MONOPOLE.—Heidsieck & Co., Reims.

	1 doz. quarts.	2 doz. pints.	½ doz. Mag.
Red Seal .....	\$48	\$50	\$50
Gold Foil.....	\$55	\$57	\$58

### KUPFERBERG.

	12 quarts.	24 pints.	
Red Top .....	\$17	\$19.50	.....
Silver Top.....	\$21	\$23	.....
Gold Top.....	\$25	\$27	.....

### PSCHORR.....

	4 doz. quarts.	6 doz. large pts.	8 doz. pts.
	\$17	\$20	\$22

## PILSEN BEER.

### FRANZ JOSEF.....

	4 doz. quarts.	6 doz. pints.
	\$17	\$17

CARLOWITZ & CO.,

TELEPHONE No. 148.

SOLE AGENTS.

## S. MOUTRIE & CO., LTD.

PIANOFORTE MANUFACTURERS.

THE BIJOU MODEL YACHT PIANO

in Solid Teak Case, Complete Iron Frame, 5 octs., specially constructed for Houseboats, Yachts, Ships' Cabins and rooms of small dimensions. Price Tls. 160.

INSPECTION INVITED.

S. MOUTRIE & CO., LTD.,

THE PIANOFORTE AND MUSIC WAREHOUSE,

3, Nanking Road, Shanghai.



# THE RATTLE

Pleased with a rattle, tickled with a straw—*Pope.*

Vol. II]

SHANGHAI, NOVEMBER 1900

[No. 1

## EDITORIAL.

WHEN, some years ago, the Editors of the RATTLE withdrew into private life, they were often obliged to answer enquiries as to the cause of their retirement. It was pointed out to them that they were bound to justify their sudden retreat, not only to themselves but also to the public which had so kindly welcomed them and which in default of explanation might deem them ungrateful. Well, these enquiries were answered—perhaps not very correctly—but they were answered; and it may be added that “want of funds,” “pressure of business,” or “official interference” were replies which excited a good deal of sympathy. But the truth (which was never told) was this:—the Editors believed that they had absolutely drained Shanghai of humour; that while the RATTLE was a local paper nothing funny either happened locally or could be conceived as happening; in short, that they could make no more bricks because they had no straw. It may be remembered however that before sinking into obscurity they made, without any intention of keeping it, a promise which might serve in changed circumstances as an outlet to the upper air. Some three years have now gone by since that promise was made. The world (our little world) has moved on; there have been new developments; Shanghai is different in many ways. Lots of things have happened and are happening here; and when lots of things happen generally some of them furnish good copy. So the Editors have climbed up again to the surface and brought with them a RATTLE with which they hope to increase the general stock of mirth. Their return has been made pleasant for them. Former friends have greeted them with the old friendliness, and they hope to make some new friends ere they disappear again. But they ask their readers to remember that they have never aimed and do not now aim higher than this—to record for a treaty port and its residents, past, present and future, some features of treaty port life; and that the price of this number is \$1 and not 75 cents.

## THE LOST LEADER.

*“We shall go prospering—not thro’ his presence,  
Songs shall inspirit us, not from his lyre.”*

Already, at this early stage,  
I see a reader frowning;  
He knows the lines that head the page,  
He credits them to Browning,  
And thinks, of course, (but not without  
A little show of reason)  
That I intend to talk about  
A matter not in season.

I should be glad, O gentle one,  
Your judgment to confide in;  
Before the fox begins to run  
You guess the earth he’ll hide in;  
Still are not they—the words I quote—  
Just equally befitting  
The columns Little never wrote  
And Welch’s autumn flitting?

You overlook, it seems to me,  
(Why should one not be candid?)  
The Marshal, very much at sea,  
Although but lately landed;  
You overlook the G. O. M.,  
That prince of special pleaders,  
Tuan and Vela—what of them?  
Are they not “lost” and “leaders”?

Oh! not for these would I lament  
If “lost and gone for ever,”  
Though Welch is old and innocent  
And Tuan old and—clever.  
If Vela flew from sunny Spain,  
And stepped ashore to-morrow,  
It would not much relieve my pain,  
I still should live in sorrow.



Good reader, can you understand,  
Or are you void of feeling?  
I sit with trembling pen in hand  
And all my senses reeling;  
I think of how ten thousand fled  
For what?—the death of Cyrus;  
But we must fight when he who led  
Is not in front to fire us.

We want you, friend, who used to ride  
So fast while others canter;  
Your judgment where the paths divide  
Of insolence and banter;  
Your knowledge of that public mind  
Which deems fairplay a jewel,  
And would not have us over kind  
Nor yet unjustly cruel.

Good shot or bad that came your way—  
'Twas not your wont to pass it;  
Up went your gun without delay  
To miss the bird—or grass it.  
And so your puns, I must admit—  
Well, sometimes Homer slumbers—  
And three in twenty had the wit  
That made amends for numbers.

No need that we should strive to veil  
A loss, which each one guesses  
Who sets our labours in the scale  
Against our small successes;  
We know the truth, and hardly wince  
When those who scorn our prattle  
Say "Hamlet's naught without the prince,  
And without Bland the RATTLE."

## EN PASSANT.

NATURALLY reluctant to hamper the free action of the F.O. by the mention of the old wheeze about swopping horses, and quite apart from the question as to how long ago they made up their minds, we have a certain timorousness, explicable after three years' seclusion, in approaching the subject of Sir Ernest vice Sir Claude.

Either may be imagined humming as he strops his razor in the morning:—

"My case is, loss of care, by old care done;  
Your care is, gain of care, by new care won."

Again, the Boxers have probably smashed most of the crockery in Peking, and not even the most violent Anglophil ever said that Russia desired to annex Miyanoshta, so we cannot see any safe ground whereon to base congratulations in either the one's case or the other's.

Movements in the great world, so far as the RATTLE is concerned, are accepted much as are those of the

planetary bodies, and, pushing the simile a little further, we may be said to have lately witnessed an eclipse of Jupiter's satellites.

The army of occupation is, like the tinkly temple bells, a callin'. As evidence of this a story reaches us of a curly-headed maiden sitting on her mother's knee drawing paste boards out of a hat, while the cook stands by receiving orders for ten man dinner. We venture to bring this to the notice of the Inspector of Licences, it seems to our poor intelligence as much a lottery as that of the much abused Tattersalls or the Pari-Mutuel. We can't have one law for the Race Course and another for "the Road."

O great antagonist of Puttiala,  
Princely exponent of a game of kings,  
We, who but greeted thee to say ta-ta, lament now too late thy flight on swallows' wings.

Brief though thy stay, we knew thee for a stayer,  
Plain to the plain man, prowess such as thine,  
Hands, pace, and judgment, ponies of a player,  
One game sufficed the laurels to assign.

Landale and Chuck against thee in a chukka  
Were but as infants playing on the sand,  
Their's but to watch how polo, really pukka  
polo, is played in polo's native land.

Pritab, thy name is writ with Ranjitsinji's  
Large on the page of Britain's roll of fame;  
His sphere of influence on thine impinges,  
Scions of Hindustan, each master of his game.

"La compagnie portugaise de volontaires est définitivement formée." *Echo* indeed, echo to the skirl of the Baluchi pipe, echo to the sturdy tramp of Teutonic hoofs so pleasing to the public fancy, and echo to the gazetted disbandment of the Yankee Rifles. The feeling of security, which has been so difficult to explain to friends and relatives at home, was after all but a fool's paradise; however, it's all right now, and the only fear is that the Allied Authorities may consider the further presence of troops unnecessary.

These "suicides" are delicious. Perhaps if anything goes wrong with Bulbul (we write before the event) Shanghai will have to face announcements of the civilised equivalent headed "TO LET" or "MESSRS. N—— M—— & Co. have received instructions, etc. etc." If they (the suicides) should ever be shewn to be anything more than "official" it will be hard to withhold admiration from that splendid old foreigner-hating barbarian Yu-hsien, butcher though he be. The courage of convictions is better than blather.





WE HAVE THIS  
DAY REMOVED  
OUR COURT TO  
HSIANFU. WHEN  
RE-BUSINESS  
WILL BE TRAN-  
SACTED. AS US-  
UAL.

PER. PRO. KUANGHSU  
TSOTSE. EMP. DOW.

TEL. A. B. BOXER. H. S. A. C. I.



H.H.

## LATEST BOXER MOVEMENT.

Backwards—on all fours.





## HER IMPERIAL MAJESTY T'SI HSI, DOWAGER EMPRESS OF CHINA.

As she appears in the European and American illustrated papers.

As she really is.

## S. C. C. v. Country Club.

### 1ST DAY—

Biron and White  
Had a bit of a fight  
In disposing of Byrne and Maclaren ;  
But Fate was not partial  
To Drummond and Marshall  
Whose efforts at winning were barren.  
  
At the close of day thus matters stood—  
The Country Club, one game to the good.

### 2ND DAY—

White and Biron  
Proceeded to fire on  
The innocent Bovet and Moule,  
Till they forced them to beat  
What was called a retreat  
But was really a rout—on the whole.

Maclaren and Byrne  
Stood up in their turn  
With Marshall and Drummond to meet 'em,  
Who captured a "set"  
And were happy, you bet,  
Nor cared though the Cricketers beat 'em.

*A win for the Country Club, who score  
Five sets against the enemy's four ;  
But, in games, it is only fair to state,  
Fifty in all against thirty-eight.*



## PERSIMMONS.

Better the choicest of persimmons are  
 Than apples in decay; but, oh, how far  
 Their dank inedibility outruns  
 The slabs of cheese we sample at the bar!

O. K.

## THE STORY OF THE ENVOY.

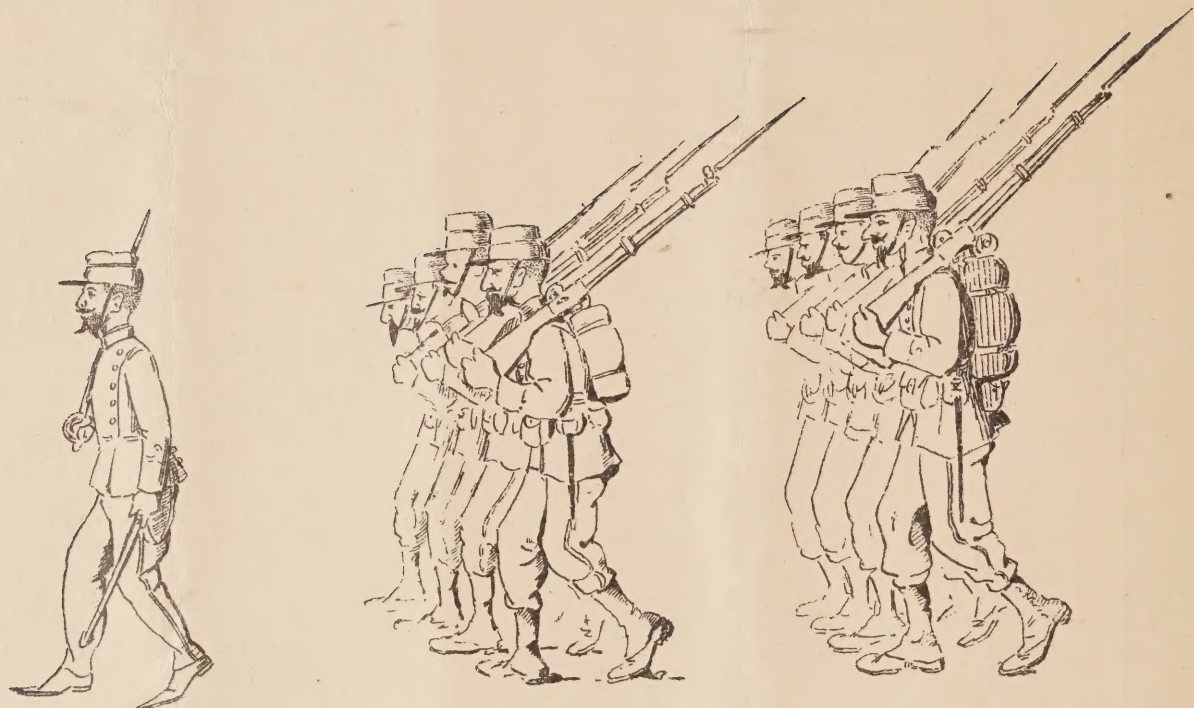
IT hath been related to me, O happy King, that of old there was trouble in the land of China. Now the cause of the trouble was this. There was in the palace of the King of China a certain old woman who was the aunt of the King. Verily she was an old woman of wrinkled countenance and malignant disposition, and she had skill in the use of magic and enchantments. And the King was accustomed to do obeisance to her both on account of her great age and because he feared her enchantments. On a certain day this old woman came to the King and preferred a request to him. And the King would not grant her request but treated her with insult and contumely. Then the old woman became exceedingly enraged and she took a little water from a basin and sprinkled it upon the King saying "Be thou changed into a calf without sense or understanding." And he became as the children of the cattle. Now when the Queen of India, and the King of the Black Eagles and other princes and rulers heard of the conduct of this old woman they were incensed and gathered their armies together and marched against the armies of China. And great battles ensued in which many persons were slain, and at length the soldiers of China returned to their homes. And the Queen of India and the King of the Black Eagles and the other rulers agreed that they would send envoys to China to arrange the conditions of peace.

Now among the subjects of the Queen of India who resided in the seaport towns of China were certain men who had become associated together and had bound themselves by a secret oath. The object of this association was no other than to advise the Queen of India with regard to the appointment of generals and governors and other matters of great importance. When these men heard that the Queen of India was about to send a certain Emir as Envoy to China for the settlement of conditions of peace they were perplexed and said among themselves: "Where is our place of entry? The Queen hath appointed such an one to be her Envoy and hath not asked of us whether the man is pleasing to us. Shall this thing be endured?" And they resolved that they would not accept the Envoy whom the Queen had appointed. And one said: "My brothers, behold mine eye, how it is like

the eye of a young eagle; I will gaze upon this Envoy when he setteth foot upon the shore of China and verily he will fall down dead." And another said: "If this man shall come to China I will converse with him strenuously and in a short time I shall weary him so that he will die." And another said: "Let us cause a letter to be written and sent to the Queen desiring her to send her own son to China as Envoy, and if she will not send her own son to China then let her send someone who is sweet to us." Then they all agreed that the letter should be written and sent to the Queen. When the Queen had read the letter she called for her Wezeer and said to him: "How shall I answer this letter?" And the Wezeer said: "Give time for consideration, O Pearl of the Universe." And she said: "Let time be accorded." And the Wezeer went forth and consulted with his friends, and he read to them the letter. And he said to them: "Woe upon this brotherhood! Shall the Queen send her own son to this accursed country?" And they said: "The thing is impossible." And he said to them: "If the Queen does not send her son surely these men will never cease from troubling us with letters and petitions. What then shall we do?" Then they began to name each of them his own friend and to advise the Wezeer that that man should be sent as Envoy to China. At length one of them named a man who had served the Queen well in other matters. Now it chanced that a certain stranger stood by attentive to their conversation and when he heard the name of the man who had served the Queen well he laughed aloud. And they said to him: "O stranger of little good breeding, why dost thou laugh?" And he said: "With all respect. I am a stranger from the land of the Rising Sun and in the language of my country the name of that man who served the Queen well signifies 'The Excess of Sweetness.'" Then they also laughed and said: "We will send to them this man inasmuch as they desire to have one who shall be sweet to them." Afterwards the Wezeer made report to the Queen and she called for the man who had served her well and said to him: "Who art thou?" And he replied: "I am thy slave." And she said: "Nay, but thou art the Excess of Sweetness!" And she ordered her Wezeer to explain the matter to him and to instruct him how he should speak to the associated persons in the seaport towns of China.

Now when the Envoy came to China there met him certain members of the association, and when they beheld him his appearance was not pleasing to them. And they said to him: "Art thou the son of the Queen?" And he said: "No." And they said: "Who then art thou?" And the Envoy replied: "I am called 'The Excess of Sweetness,' and the Queen of India hath sent me as Envoy to China because of the letter of the association." Then they were all silent and ashamed and departed to their homes. And as they went one said to another: "Verily, my brother, the snipe cometh from the market, but whence comes the pellet that breaketh the jaw? He who knoweth this, can prophesy truly what will be the end of these things."





*French Marmises - Foreign Legion -*



*French Mountain Battery Ammunition Wagon -*

SOME OF SHANGHAI'S DEFENDERS, 1900.

HH.



## THEY WERE TWELVE.

*A gentleman  
That wears our patent "Annual" shirt  
With collar made of celluloid  
What should he know of dirt?*

[Advt.]

I met a licensed washerman,  
He was sixty-three, he said :  
But thick and black the bristles ran  
Around his ugly head.

His garments seemed to taint the air,  
He was so vilely clad ;  
His trousers were the only pair,  
Apparently, he had.

"Of laundries duly licensed  
How many may there be?"  
"How many? Twelve in all," he said,  
And gazing looked at me.

"And where are these? I pray you tell."  
He answered "Twelve are they,  
And some are near the Bubbling Well  
And some are far away.

And some there be whose charge is high,  
Some burn the stuff or lose it ;  
But all have got a pure supply  
Of water—and they use it."

"Is it because you burn so well,  
Or live so much apart,  
That only twelve—I pray you tell—  
Are free to ply their art?"

Then did the washerman reply  
"Yes, we are twelve—no more ;  
But though our charge is rather high  
We have a concrete floor."

"To wash a city white as snow—  
A noble task," said I,  
"But tell me truly where you go  
To get that pure supply."

"The creek is green and may be seen,"  
The washerman replied,  
"Twelve steps or more from the washhouse door  
It welcomes in the tide.

"The napkins there I often wet,  
The handkerchiefs as well,  
And this is how they come to get  
Such a peculiar smell?

"And often when the coast is clear,  
And no inspector by,  
I take my little bucket near  
And fill it on the sly."

"But are there none of you," said I,  
"Who keep the Council's rules?"  
With solemn smile he looked at me,  
Winking, as far as I could see,  
And said "We're not such fools."

LEAVES FROM THE DIARY  
OF A CITY FATHER.

MONDAY NIGHT.—What a busy life is mine!  
6 a.m.—Rose betimes and sent the dogs out for  
an airing on the Bund. The greatest men always  
attend to minutiae, so gave the coolie personal orders  
to put the muzzles on. 6.15.—Coolie returned to say  
one muzzle stolen and dog incarcerated by Municipal  
dog-catcher. Horrid bore! When H. T. W. said the  
Municipal dog-box had two inches of ice upon it, I  
was inclined to laugh. Now when I think of poor  
Topsy cruelly lassoed, dew appears upon my eyeglass.  
According to my own rule it is \$10 fine or the Police  
Court. I could never face the ignominy of a summons.  
The beak would say "quis custodiet ipsæ custodes"  
or something equally lowering; so decided to pay fine.  
Prepared paragraph for *North-China Daily News*  
announcing same. The public should know how rigid  
is the morality of their rulers. 10 a.m.—Called on  
the Admiral and fully explained to him gravity of poli-  
tical situation with special reference to shocking state  
of affairs at Peking. After two hours I really think  
he was impressed. He seemed strangely moved and  
begged to be excused as he must instantly see his  
secretary. 2 p.m.—Attended China Association  
meeting; pointed out that British interests were en-  
titled to first consideration in Shanghai at present  
juncture. 3 p.m.—Interview with harbour master,  
who said senior naval officer wants our buoy off the  
Bund, doesn't like lying off Hongkew wharf, thinks  
British ships should occupy British buoys. I explained  
that this is a cosmopolitan Settlement, and that a little  
civility to the Dutch would be graceful at this time.  
As a matter of fact I have promised the Dutch the  
buoy. 4 p.m.—Several new aspects of China question  
struck me. Called again on Admiral. Flag Lieutenant  
says he is engaged and will be for some days. Embodied  
my views in memorandum and forwarded same. 5 p.m.—  
Went to Municipal Offices. Read provoking letters  
from O'S., who says that T's lottery is not properly  
run; as the Council license lotteries will they see to  
proper administration thereof. This man is a fail.  
We cannot proceed in the Court and must let the  
matter drop [as they do in the House of Lords] as  
quietly as possible. Instructions accordingly. 8 p.m.—  
Dinner with expectant Minister. Took opportunity of  
assuring him that Lord Salisbury's anti-partition policy  
has my unqualified support. He seemed immensely  
relieved and immediately changed the subject. 11 p.m.—  
Before turning in read over my new scheme for placing  
buoys at Woosung; great use to mercantile marine and  
navy. Must try and go to office to-morrow.





*Beluch's pungi*

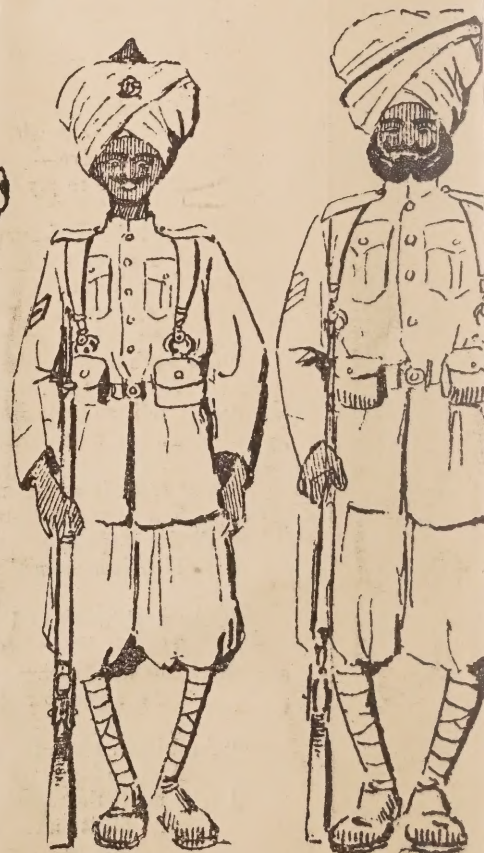


*General Cresswell*



*H.H.*

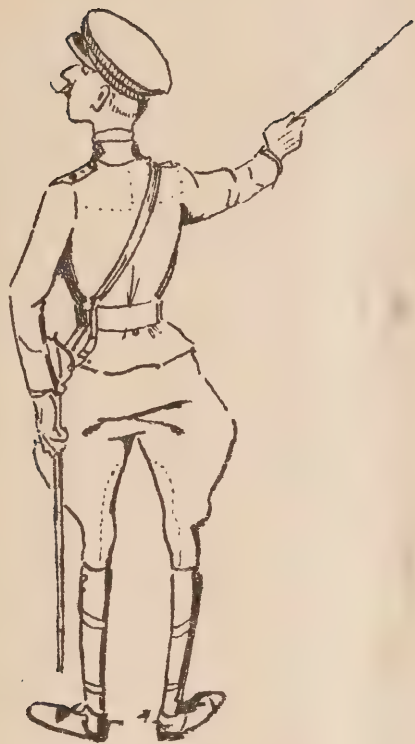
*Jaspal Singh*



*Beluch's Sikh*

SOME OF SHANGHAI







## A BAD BUSINESS.

We are talked of wherever you go,  
 Men whisper about with a sneer,  
 "There are liars on earth, don't you know,  
 But none like the liars *they* rear!"  
 It is said that we fabricate here,  
 All the time between breakfasts and dinners,  
 False hope or preposterous fear—  
 Shanghai is a city of sinners!

We are damned with a sigh or a *mot*;  
 The globe-trotting garrulous peer  
 Will murmur, sufficiently low,  
 "A sink, my dear boy," in your ear:  
 Good people who only this year,  
 Have heard of us—surely beginners—  
 Lament with gratuitous tear,  
 "Shanghai is a city of sinners."

A last and more terrible blow—  
 A Prince, whom one ought to revere,  
 (*De mortuis nil nisi bonum*, but his *was* a chequered career),  
 Proclaimed us, perhaps with a leer,  
 In wickedness easily winners.  
 He's dead; let us think him sincere—  
 Shanghai is a city of sinners!

## Envoy.

You are all inexpressibly dear,  
 Sad mourners and fatuous grinners,  
 We thank you for making it clear  
 Shanghai is a city of sinners!

## CORRESPONDENCE.

SHANGHAI

29 Octobre 1900

MASTER THE EDITOR IN CHIEF

I demand you the permission to publish to all the good Frenches who ought to be at Shanghai not less numerous than elsewhere that one has lost recently on the Bubble Road near from Hippodrome a

dark small horse of French officer. He calls himself "Hercule." Who shall bring this animal into the Club Français will be regarded.

Accept, Master the Editor in Chef, the assurance of my distinguished consideration.

[Signature illegible.]

SHANGHAI

29 October 1900

TO THE EDITORS OF THE "RATTLE."

GENTLEMEN,

I saw the Municipal dog-box emptied this morning at the Police Station. It contained only two pointers (with muzzles) and a very small pony (without one). I write in no critical spirit but merely to enquire whether I ought to muzzle the goat which draws my children's carriage, and whether if I do so it will be safe from capture.

I am,

Your obedient servant,

CIVIS.

## SOCIETY PROBLEMS.

S.S.P.C.A.—How should a vindictive hen be carried through the streets without assistance?

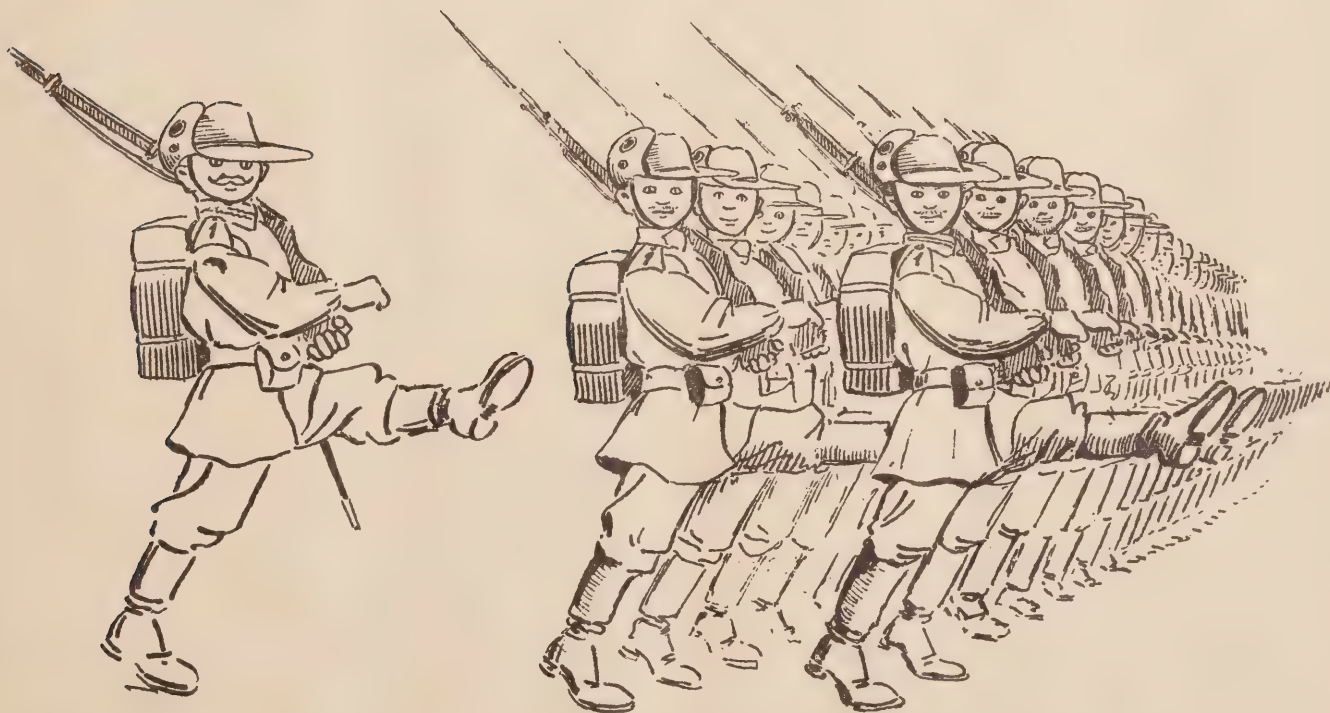
L.B.S.—What length of scrubby beard of itself entitles an impoverished grass widower to relief?

S.L.S.—What is the minimum connection with the old county which qualifies for membership?

S.D.F.—Facial expression aside, what method have you of ascertaining the percentage of your audience which understands your jokes?

S.L.D.S.—Whether is Literature or Debate the more effective cure for insomnia?





H.H.

SOME OF SHANGHAI'S DEFENDERS, 1900.



## IN GOOD COMPANY.

We bless the dear old Empress who, not meaning it, you  
know,  
Has given us a shove along the road we longed to go.  
To drive the white man to the sea, such was her artless plan;  
Thus June arrived and brought with it a grand day for  
Japan.

By your right, dress!  
Dai Nippon swells with pride  
As she steps it side by side  
With the Yankee and the German,  
With the Frenchman and Italian,  
With the Russian and the Gurkha,  
Rajpoot, Sikh and Englishman.  
Oh, bless the dear old Empress! what a grand day  
for Japan.

For thirty years we've tried to make our social upward way;  
We've fixed a Parliament—of sorts; we've pitched into  
Cathay;  
We seemed to get no "forrarder," though doing all we can,  
Till June arrived and brought with it a grand day for Japan.

Attention, shoulder arms!  
Dai Nippon swells with pride  
As she steps it side by side  
With the Yankee and the German,  
With the Frenchman and Italian,  
With the Russian and the Gurkha,  
Rajpoot, Sikh and Englishman.  
Oh, bless the dear old Empress! what a grand day  
for Japan.

We show a love for all that's new, a scorn for all that's old;  
We've turned our backs on silver and gone all we're worth  
for gold.  
Yet still did Europe doubtfully our civilisation scan,  
Till June arrived and brought with it a grand day for Japan.

Fix bayonets, charge!  
Dai Nippon swells with pride  
As she steps it side by side  
With the Yankee and the German,  
With the Frenchman and Italian,  
With the Russian and the Gurkha,  
Rajpoot, Sikh and Englishman.  
Oh, bless the dear old Empress! what a grand day  
for Japan.

G. M. H. P.

## AS OTHERS SEE US.

*The "Ekkerdeshene."*

## DERNIÈRES NOUVELLES.

D'après un télégramme Havas, on annoncerait  
de Londres que le Maréchal Lord Sir Roberts va se  
marier en seconde noce avec la Reine Victoria. On  
se rappelle que Sir Roberts (qui est aussi le Lormaire)  
a vendu sa première femme, Madame Jane Cakebread,  
à Smiffele.

## PERLES.

À la collection publiée jadis par ce journal,  
ajoutons ceci, nous traduissons du "China Gazette,"  
rédigé par l'immonde O'Shea: "*On a commencé la  
publication de ce journal à 6 heures du soir.*" Nos amis  
d'outremanche sont vraiment un peu niais s'ils croient  
que nous sommes trompés par de pareilles fariboles.

## AN ALPHABET.

**A** 's the Artillery—gunners no more!  
**B** 's the Battalion they blunder before.  
**C** is a Captain who never resigned;  
**D** are the "Deyvils" you know how to find.  
**E** are Expressions one cannot set out;  
**F** are the Firemen who fling them about.  
**G** are the Germans who drill as they please;  
**H** is Herr Heyn the commander of these.  
**I** are the Infants who clap at the show;  
**J** is for Juggins who "bars it, you know."  
**K** is for K—k, not here when you need him;  
**L** is a Leader who wished to succeed him.  
**M** are the Majors—a bevy of beauty;  
**N** is a Noodle, who'd teach them their duty.  
**O** is an Order to go to parade;  
**P** is a Private who never obeyed.  
**Q** is the Query "selection or vote?"  
**R** 's the Reply—which it's needless to quote.  
**S** is the Staff, there is much to admire in it;  
**T** is the Terror that horses inspire in it.  
**U** 's our nice Uniform (isn't this flattery?)  
**V** are Varieties—mostly in hattery.  
**W** some Waists which we note with surprise;  
**X** is the symbol denoting their size.  
**Y** are the Youngsters who'll join, never doubt 'em;  
**Z** is the Zero we'd fall to without 'em.





## Pauline.

---

A sunbeam fell upon thy hair, Pauline,  
And gave each tress a sparkle of its own.  
As 'neath a crown of flame thy face appeared  
So wondrous comely, so eternal fair,  
Methought if I might make of thee my queen  
Man lived not that such ecstasy had seen.

Anon the moon lent lustre to thine eyes  
And gave them depth impenetrably great,  
Twin wells of truth, that only served to mask  
A nature calm, indicative of all  
Men prize in womanhood. With thee, Pauline,  
I saw before me bliss no man had seen.

Under the shade of an electric lamp  
That night lay bare the working of thy heart.  
A word let fall unthinkingly sufficed  
To shew my pounds a year to thee were more  
Than I myself, on whom thou wert so keen.  
'Twas marvellous how nearly I'd been seen.



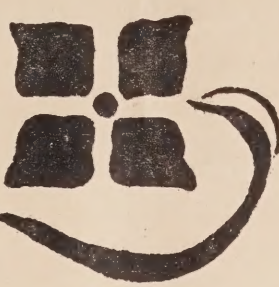
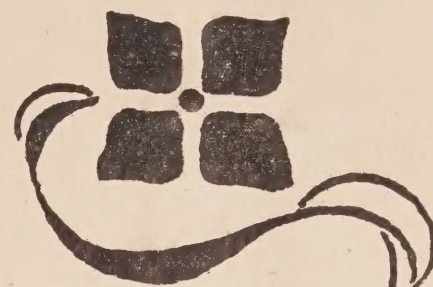


**CAPTURE OF SHANHAIKWAN BY LIEUT. COMM. JOHN BROWN, R.N., AND  
CREW OF H.M.S. "PIGDOG."**

Lieut. Commr. BROWN, R.N., with a small landing party of eighteen men on 29th October succeeded in capturing the important city of Shanhaikwan together with its five formidable forts, the Chinese soldiery in charge retreating in much confusion.

The greatest credit is due to Lieut. Commr. BROWN and his gallant crew, especially when we consider that he had to operate against a force enormously superior to his own and that, owing apparently to some error as to dates, our Russian Allies arrived on the scene just too late to render any assistance in expelling the Chinese.



## More Maxims from Hafiz.

[With apologies to Rudyard Kipling.]

THE mystery never unravell'd since the course of true love began  
 Is not the way of a man with a maid, but the will of a maid with a man.  
 If she be only twenty and thou upon life's high noon,  
 She'll deem thee a harmless target, her bow-string to keep in tune ;  
 But sure as the stag be stricken, whether by skill or luck,  
 She'll let him bleed on his summit and aim at a younger buck.  
 Though she may fawn upon thee, take her not at her word,  
 Nor judge the springs of her action from any syllable heard  
 That seems to defy convention or take the bit in its teeth,  
 For her speech but serves as a snow-fall o'er treacherous ice beneath.  
 Yet be she demure as Delft-ware, prim as a primer cut,  
 Look, my son, to thy trenches, and keep thine avenues shut !  
 Think not her soul is an inn where frankness is ever a boarder ;  
 If for such maiden thou yearn, she must be a maid to order.  
 Did she possess thy virtues, frankness and every other,  
 Doubtless, my son, thou wouldst like her—just as a man and a brother !  
 Incense is rarely refused, be it sacrifice, whether of metals,  
 Flowers or flesh, all will please ; a poodle, a basket of petals,  
 Or gem of first water. Yet heed, if in love lore thou'lt be an adept head,  
 This old maxim I've alter'd for thee : "Absent company never accepted !"  
 Do not proclaim her peerless either in grace or in guile ;  
 Did not her wrinkled grandam know how to perch on a stile ?  
 Did not our primal mother a sinuous Art Course take  
 Under the Tree of Knowledge by watching the Garden Snake ?  
 When I emerged from boyhood I was solemn of wit, and slow  
 Even to smile at my fellows whose antics were full of woe,  
 But now that mine age hath ripen'd, Life is a humorous elf,  
 And I need no others to prompt me, because I can laugh at myself !



## A LITTLE TRIP.

I OFTEN take trips—it's one of my strong points—but I don't often write about them unless I'm asked to. However, the Editors of the RATTLE have asked me to give them something to fill their columns, so I've worked up these little notes of one of my excursions, and, by Jove, I expect the Editors will have their columns about as full as they want. I must tell you beforehand that I never go very far afield; "No Gobi desert for me"! is one of my mottoes. But I take for granted that you would as soon hear about what you all know well as about a lot of fantastic novelties. Now to my story. I'll spare you all the preliminary part and begin by saying that in the summer of 1900 I found myself in very comfortable quarters at Shanghai. The weather was very warm but on the whole tolerably fine, and as I felt "full of beans" I determined to make a long expedition to B—W—. I rose one morning and after a good bath, which is a Shanghai custom, I had some breakfast, consisting (among other good things) of fried eggs and bacon. After breakfast we told the servant ("boy" is the word used in Shanghai) to call two of those little conveniences called "rickshores." You will wonder why I use the plural, but the fact is that I had with me a lawyer friend, a very good chap whom I call my "*alter ego*." By-the-way, he told me that in Japan there is a high mountain called Fugiyama, which you can see ever so many miles away, and an hotel built on the side of a hill where you can get beds and dinners and all the delicacies of the season. But there, you know what these lawyers are—you never can believe a word they say, and high fees are much more in their line than high mountains. Well, to my story. I had just got to the point at which we called for rickshores (or rickshaws is it—I never was strong at spelling); well, we got into the rick-shaws, when they came—you mustn't mind a little detail here, and I ought to have told you that rick-shaws are a sort of carriages drawn by men—and the runners went off at a rattling pace along a kind of street mostly level but rather rough in parts. Here I may remark that I saw a steam-roller which proves that civilization is spreading all over the world. Well, to my story. This street was rather narrow at first with several kinds of houses on both sides which rather shut off the view. I was not sorry for this as I have seen so many views elsewhere—waterfalls, you know, and all sorts of things. A little further on I saw lots of beautiful alleys (or allies is it?) running off in various directions; one of the alleys was closed up and I couldn't see into it, but the guide told me it was lovely at night. Did I mention that the street contained shops for the display and sale of various kinds of merchandise? If not I mention it now. Then we came to a sort of green place with rivers running round it, or if they were not rivers they were ditches. Beyond this was more street or road and lots of trees. My lawyer friend saw a sparrow or something of the

kind fly out of one of the trees and immediately observed "A bird in the hand is worth two in the bush." This is a proverb, you know, but I believe the chap thought he had invented it on the sparrow of the moment. Well, to my story. On we went and on and on and on. You'll understand that I'm skipping here. Well, on we went and on and on and on and on and on until we got to our destination. There is a very nice hotel there where we hobnobbed a bit. I looked for the visitors book but couldn't find it anywhere so I can't mention the celebrities whose names it no doubt contains. Talking of celebrities reminds me of an old lady, who was a bit of a celebrity in my part of the country and who used to talk of "that blessed word Mesopotamia." Funny old gal wasn't she?

Ho! Ho!

[To be continued.]

[Our correspondent says "To be continued." We add "elsewhere."—ED.]

## ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

- MACRUM. 1.—Glad to hear that you have applied and wish you success; but you will have to get the other chap out first. 2.—No; the Court-room has been already absorbed, but we should think that the shipping-office would hold a fair sized billiard-table. 3.—Quite right. You will certainly be entitled to call yourself "Honourable."
- CHINA ASS. We can't print your complaints about the home government. Keep them for your next report.
- F. O. We dare not print your suggestions as to the China Association. Anyhow "muzzle" is a strong word and suggests madness. They are no more mad than you are, my son!
- ENQUIRER. Thank you. We have noticed that the French have no spikes to their helmets. We do not know if they have any other good points about them. Ask the *Echo de Chine*.
- HOMELY HARRIET. If your verandah is not large enough for airing the family linen don't be ashamed to hang it out. More than one man might ride a horse, but none would look over the hedge.
- MERTHYR. We congratulate you and your brother electors. Is it true that the new man is Consul-General for San Marino?
- GLU. Yuss,

## N. B.

The Editors of the "RATTLE" invite contributions of light articles, verse, and sketches. [Humorous rather than sentimental verse preferred, and short articles rather than long.] Sketches should be in pen and ink, to facilitate reproduction, and in clear outline rather than detail work. MSS. and drawings which the editors are unable to publish will be returned to the sender. The Editors will not be liable, however, for loss or damage.

Anonymous contributions politely ignored.



THIS SPACE IS RESERVED  
FOR

**DUNNING & CO.,**

WHERE THE BEST THINGS TO EAT  
AND DRINK CAN BE FOUND.

Get our Price List, or, better still, Call and  
See Our Stock.

**DUNNING & CO.**

32a, NANKING ROAD.

**HALL & HOLTZ, LIMITED.**

Before commencing your Fires you had better  
see that your Chimneys are Clean.

THE "IMP"

**SOOT DESTROYER,**

IS ALL THAT YOU NEED.

**30 CENTS PER PACKET,**  
which is sufficient for one chimney.

**HALL & HOLTZ, LIMITED.**

**LLEWELLYN & CO., LTD.**

BALSAMIC  
**COUGH LINCTUS.**

Composed of  
Medicines of tried value  
in all cases of Cough,  
Bronchial Affections and  
Difficulty of Breathing.

\$1.00 per bottle.

L. T. K.  
**HAIR WASH.**

A wash and dressing  
combined. Effectually  
eradicates dandruff, stops  
falling hair and promotes  
the growth.

\$1, \$2 & \$3 per bottle.

**CALLICURA**

The best CURE FOR  
CORN, is not a caustic  
but a true solvent of the  
decayed cuticle. Applica-  
tion painless.

50 cts. per bottle.


Depôt for  
**EAU DE COLOGNE,**  
**GENUINE & 4711,**  
**RHINE VIOLETS,**  
all leading **PERFUMES,**  
**TOILET SOAPS,**  
**MANICURE ACCESSORIES**  
AND  
**TOILET REQUISITES.**

**THE MEDICAL HALL,**  
4, NANKING ROAD, **SHANGHAI.**

**PHYSICAL EXERCISE AT HOME.**

**SANDOW . . . .**  
**DEVELOPERS**  
**KELLY & WALSH, LIMITED, Agents.**

**SWEETMEAT CASTLE.**

 **RESTAURANT, CONFECTIONERS and PASTRYCOOKS.**  
ROOMS FOR TABLE BOARDERS. Excellent CUISINE.  
The Cuisine is under European Supervision.

**Meal Hours** :—BREAKFAST from 7 to 9 A.M.; Tiffin from  
12 to 2 P.M.; DINNER from 7 to 9 P.M.

Tea, Coffee, Chocolate and Refreshments Served in the  
Restaurant, or sent to Private Residences at short notice.  
**FRENCH and ENGLISH BAKERY.**

Only First Quality of AMERICAN FLOUR is used.  
BREAD delivered EARLY EVERY MORNING.

**THE SWEETMEAT CASTLE,**  
27, Nanking Road.

**RAINIER BEER**

**STENHOUSE'S LIQUEUR WHISKY**

**ROYAL FLUSH BOURBON WHISKY**

**WALNUTINE, ETC. ETC.**

**DALLAS & Co.,**  
SOLE AGENTS.





# THE LAST CHUKKA

being now over and both rider and pony thoroughly baked, our ever faithful domestic comes to the rescue with a bottle of cold Aquarius, the most refreshing drink in the world and the best, being made from pure distilled water.

THE AQUARIUS COMPANY,—General Managers, CALDERICK, MACGREGOR & CO.